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SKEETA

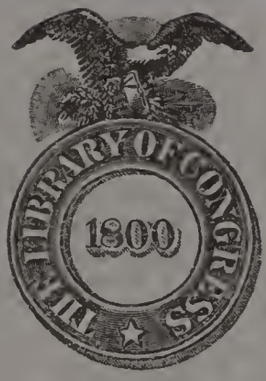
A WIRE HAIRED FOXTERRIER

BY

MARIAN KING

ILLUSTRATED BY

DOROTHY C. BOWDEN



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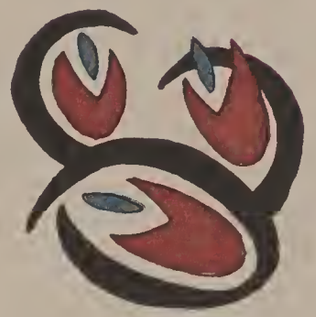

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DEDICATED TO
MUMMY K
CAROLINE B
and
DADDY K who
gave me SKIPPY K
my own wire haired
foxterrier pup

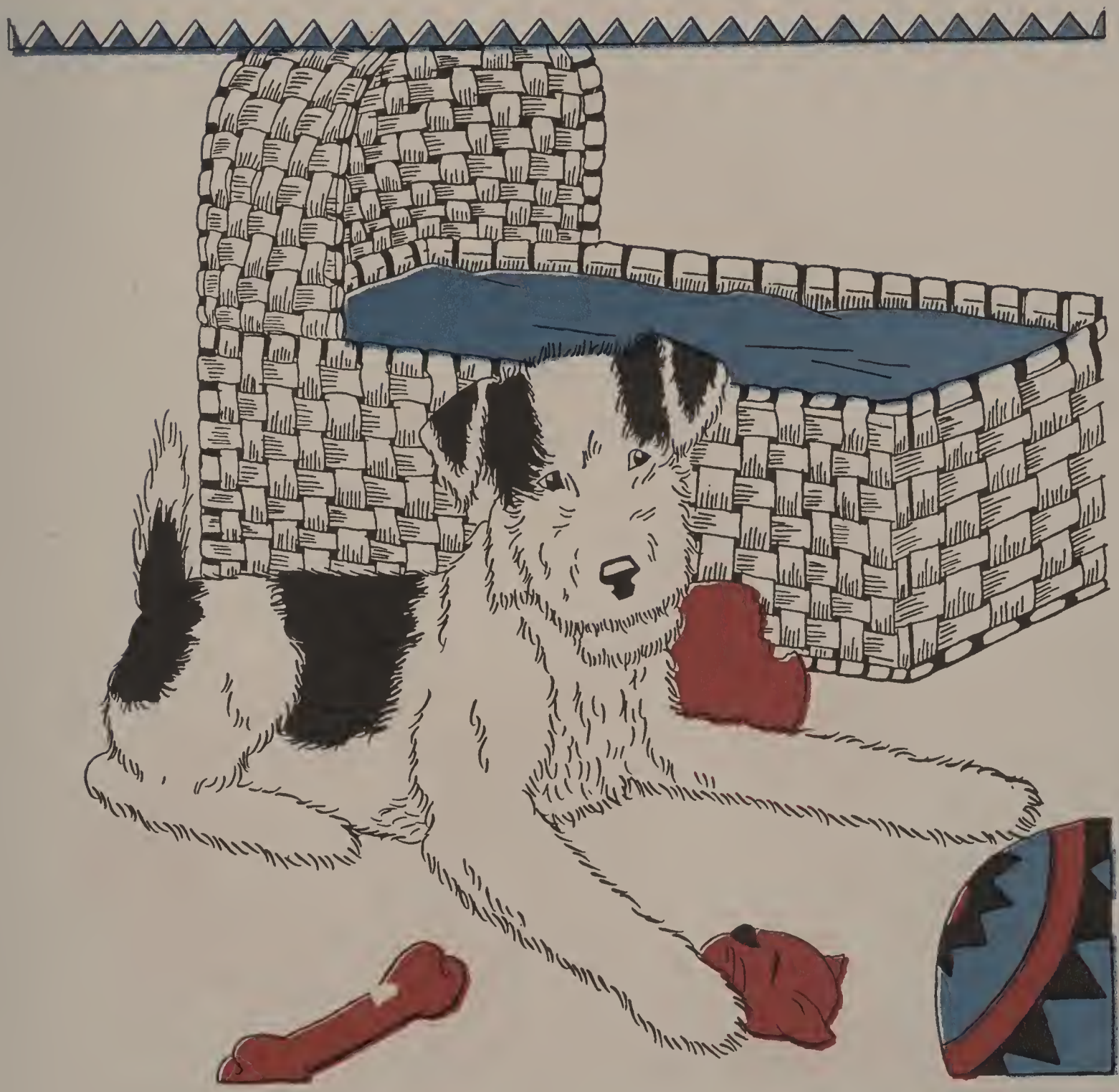
I am a wire haired foxterrier pup.
My name is Skeeta.

I have a mistress.

Her name is Patsie Jean.

I have many play toys.

I sleep in a big basket...



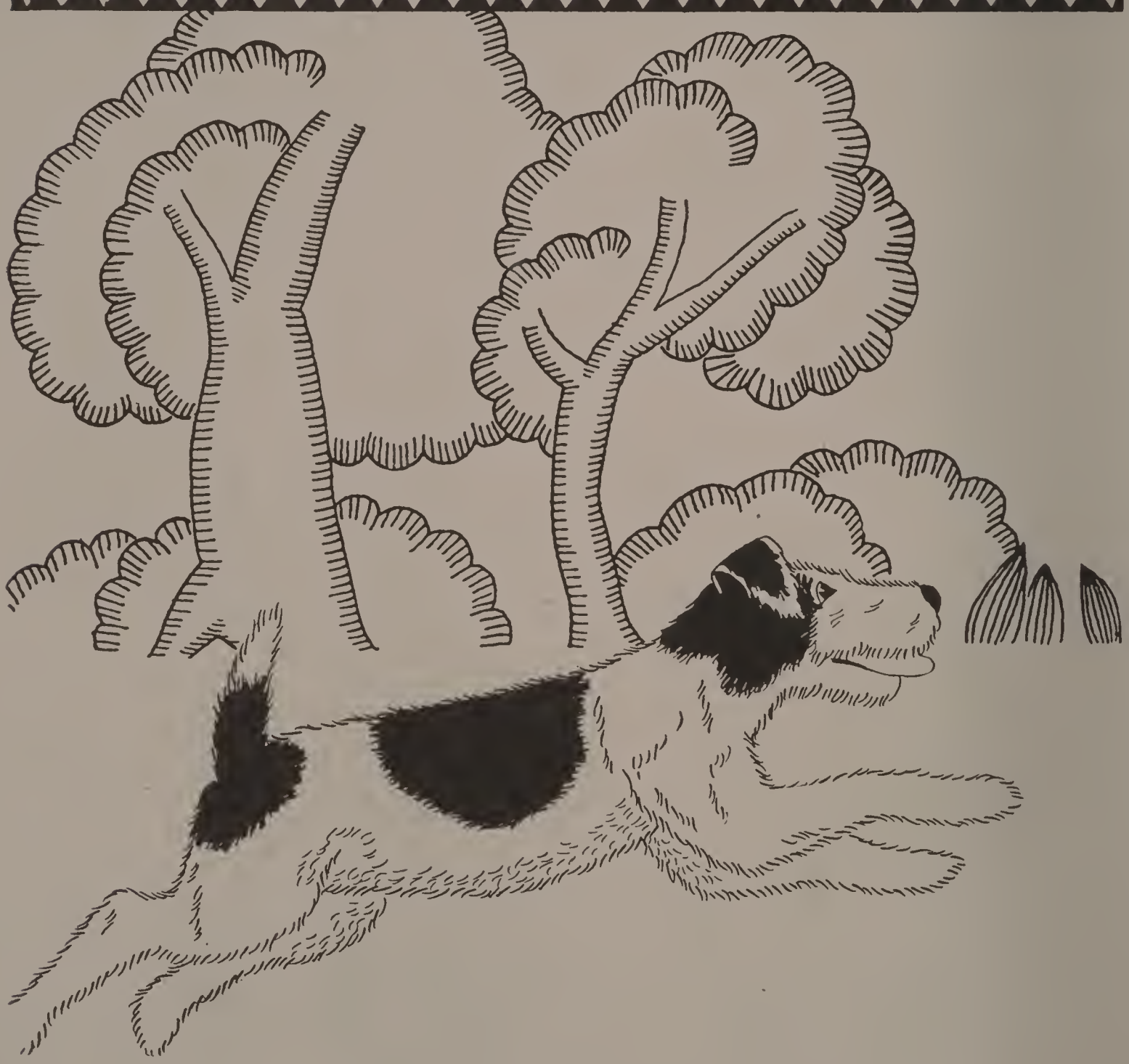
I like to lie on my back _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

One afternoon Patsie Jean and I went with Nurse to the park to sail a boat. Dollie went, too.

I never did like Dollie _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

We saw many other children sailing
their boats on the pond _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

Patsie Jean and I went over to the pond.



Patsie Jean took Dollie with her....

Nurse sat on a bench and knitted.
Nurse kept an eye on us _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ .

Patsie Jean said, "Oh Skeeta! Let's put Dollie in the boat. She can have a ride"---

I just picked up my ears, cocked my head to one side, and listened. A soft wind

was blowing. I watched Patsie Jean put her favorite dollie in the sail boat.

Patsie Jean loosened the string that was tied to her sail boat - - - - - - - - - - - - -

The boat went slowly out on the pond . . . .

A small boy was sailing his boat near Patsie Jean's. The wind was getting

stronger.

The boats hit one another ---

Poor Dollie! First she fell to one side of the boat, then she tumbled into the pond.

Patsie Jean called to Nurse_____

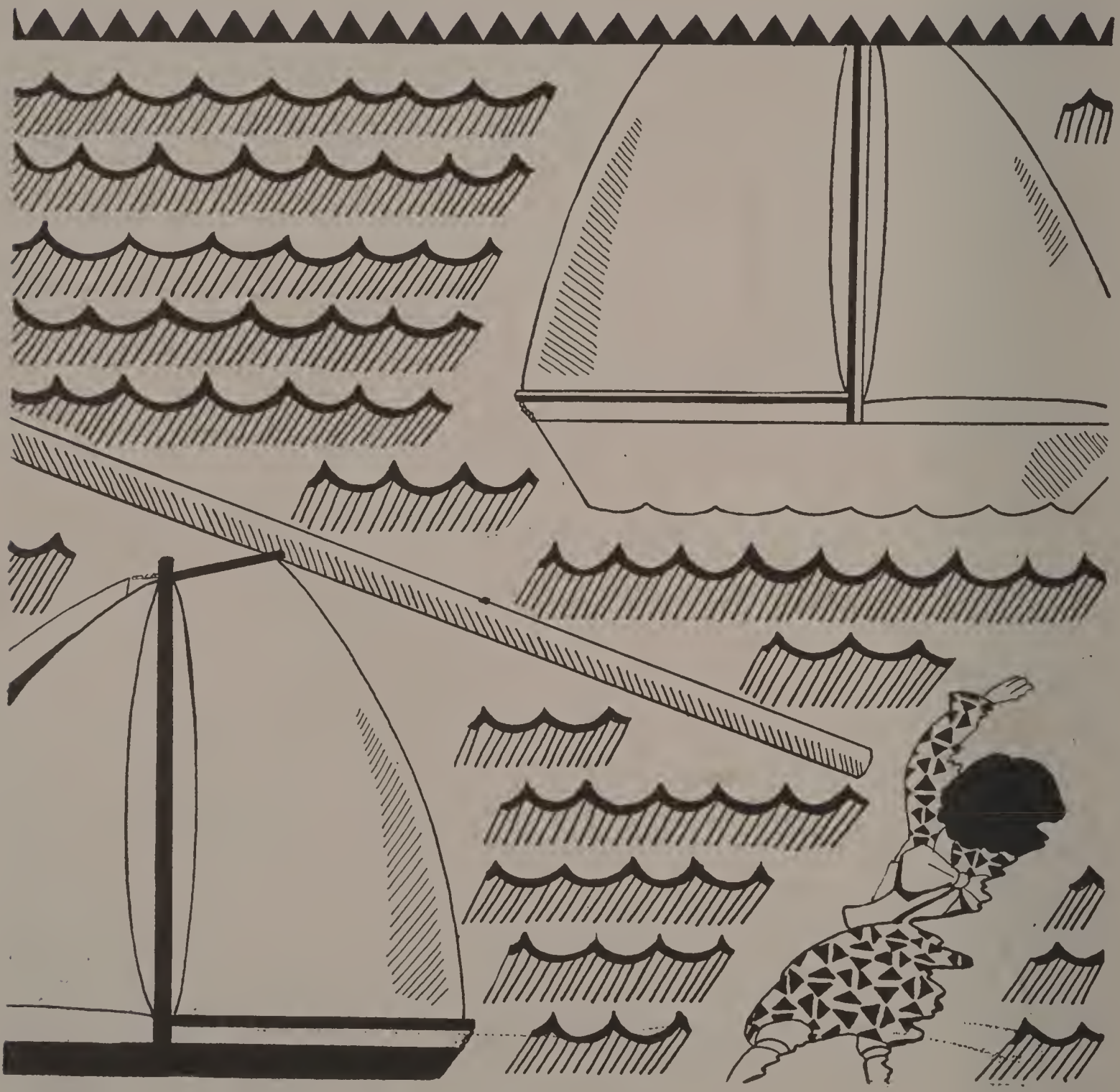
Nurse came running to Patsie Jean___

But Dollie still floated around with her face downward in the water - - -

Nurse got a long stick _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

But the stick was not long enough.

Nurse pushed and pushed the stick out into the water. But it did not reach Dollie.



Patsie Jean started to cry, "Oh, my dear dear dollie! I shall never see her again."

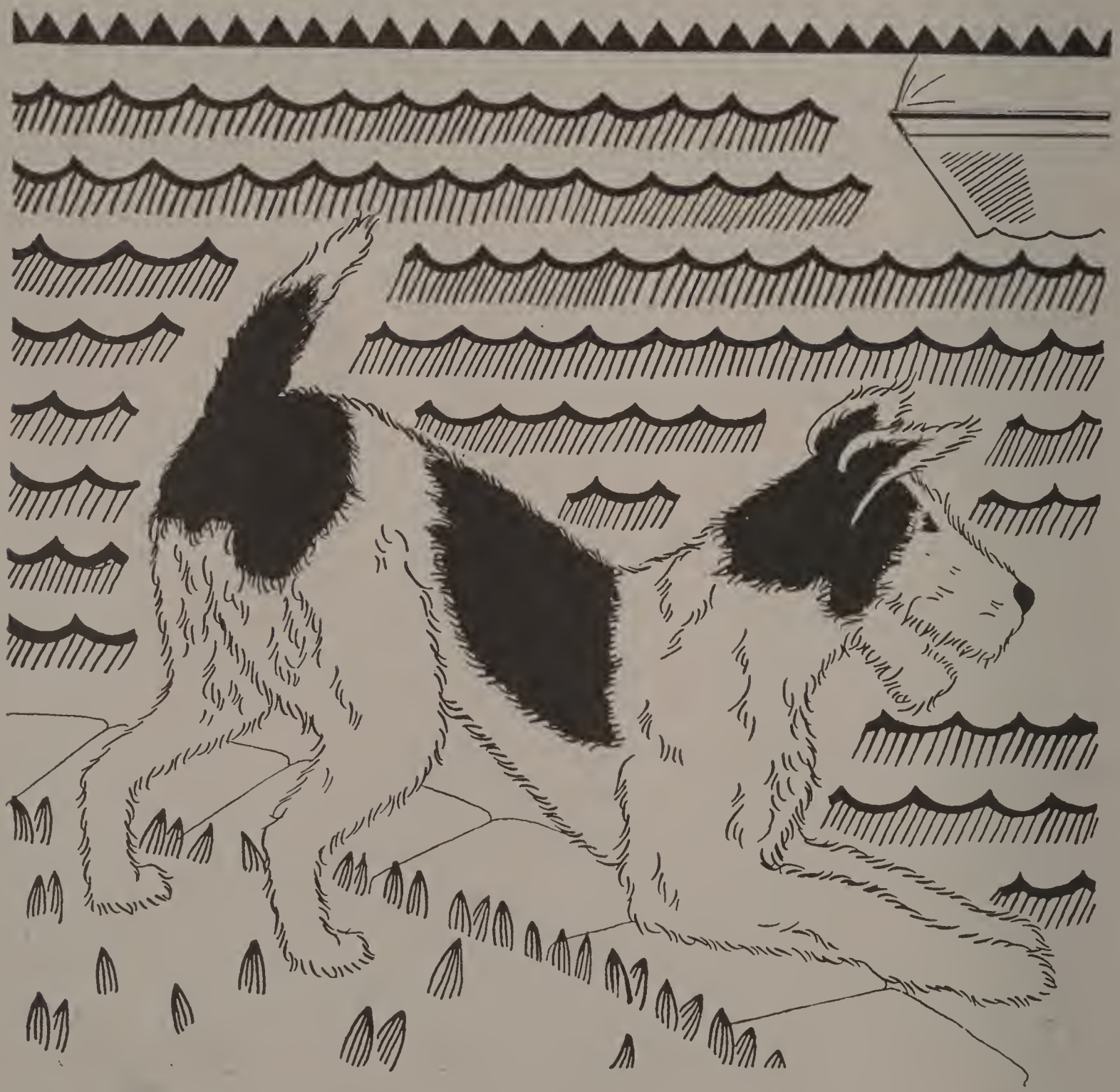
I loved Patsie Jean.

I did not like to see her cry.

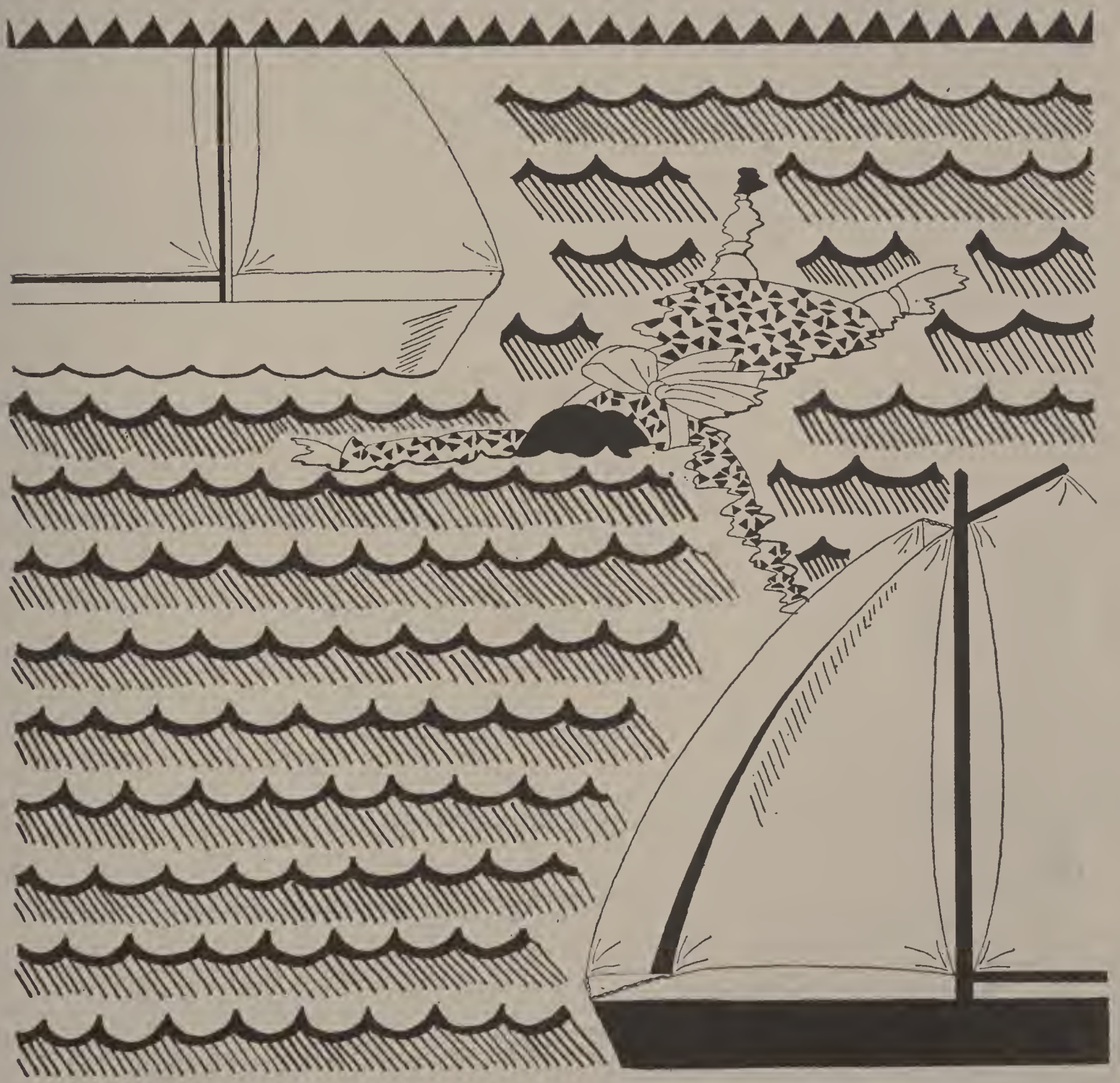
I did not like Dollie.

I did not like the water.

What should I do?



I would just have to swim out and get Dollie.
That was all there was for me to do__

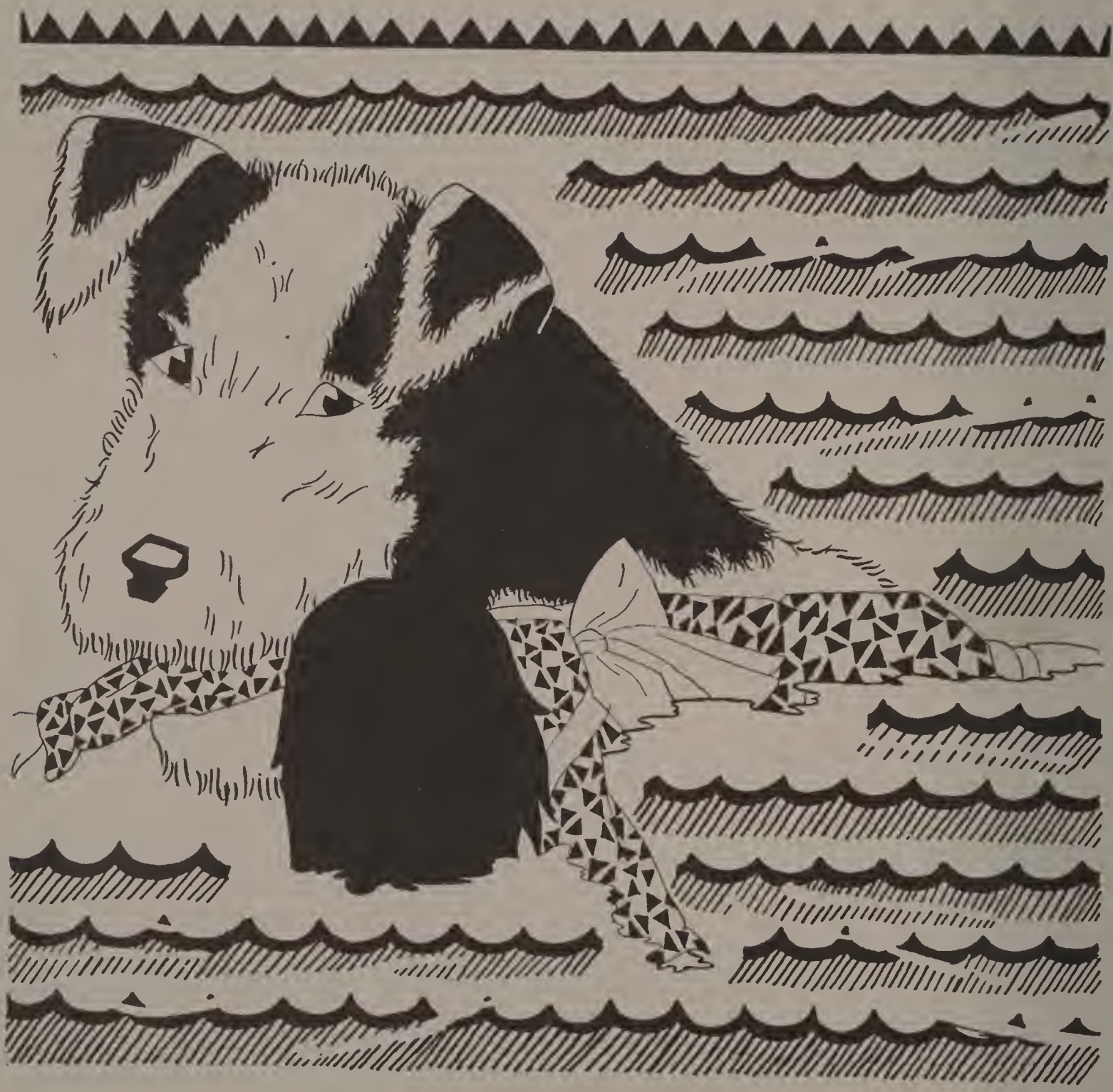


I jumped in.

Br-r-r! How cold the water felt.

I started to swim. I heard Patsie Jean calling,
"Good Skeeta. Good Skeeta." That cheered me up.

I reached Dollie. I picked her up by the arm.
Then I swam with her between my teeth



toward the shore. Nurse took Dollie from me.
Then Patsie Jean stooped and hugged me.

"Why Patsie Jean", exclaimed Nurse, "Look at your clothes. They are soaking wet. You'll catch a cold.

We shall have to go home this minute." No one thought of me. I was soaking wet and shivering.

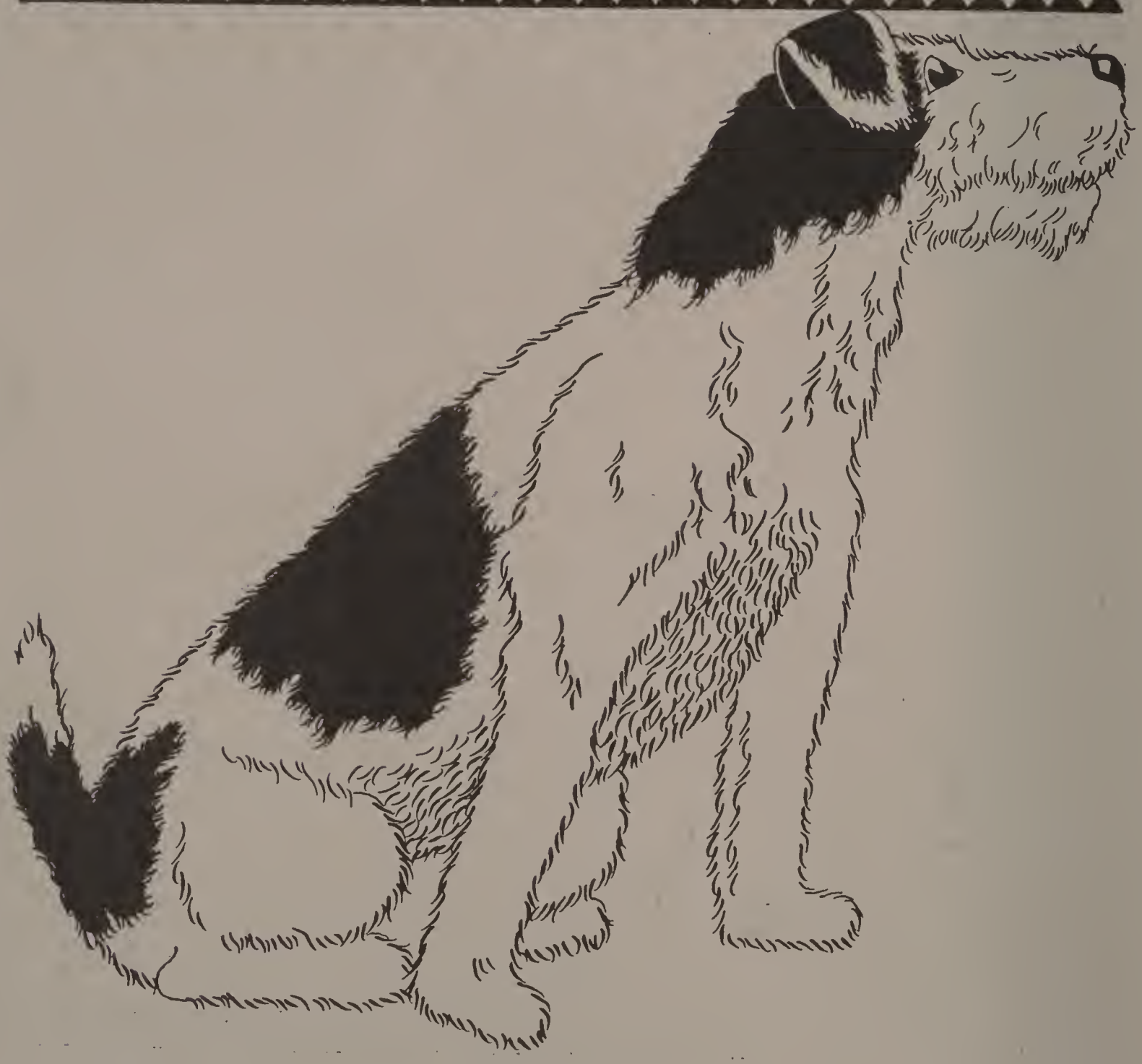
But I rolled over and over on the grass and shook myself while Nurse scolded___

By the time we reached home I was nearly dry as the sun was shining brightly__

Then Patsie Jean was bathed and dressed.

When Patsie Jean's mother came home
Patsie Jean told her all that had happened.

Mother said, "Skeeta is a brave dog. He will have to have a nice steak bone for his supper."



Then Mother looked at me and exclaimed, "Why Skeeta! You will have to have another bath."

I tried to run under the bed and hide....

But Nurse caught hold of me.....

I was bathed for the second time that day –

Dollie was hung on the clothes line in the back yard to dry . . . . . .

Poor little Dollie... I really did feel sorry for her. After all she was only a dollie_

The reward was worth it. I got the juicy steak bone for my supper. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

As I chewed on my bone in the back yard,

I looked up at Dollie on the clothes line –

Poor Dollie did not look like the dollie that went with us to the park. Her face was all white, her

hair that was always curly was now long and stringy.
Patsie Jean rode up and down the walk on her scooter.

I looked at Patsie Jean _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

Then I looked at my own back. It was clean and white.
It was curly too, And the black spots were still there.

I began to think it was not so bad after all
being just a wire haired foxterrier pup when

you have a nice juicy steak bone ___ and

you pleased your mistress _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

But-two baths a day– I think are far too many for any pup _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

DON'T YOU?

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